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**EAST LONDON COLLEGE**  
**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**

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**FACULTIES OF**  
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**SCIENCE**  
**ENGINEERING &**  
**MEDICINE**

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MAGAZINE

1918.

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# E.L.C. MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1918.

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## EDITORIAL.

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THE atmosphere of wild hilarity that followed the news of the signing of the Armistice, has not been conducive to Editorial labour. At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, the College rose in a body and went forth in the streets rejoicing.

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A report in a leading paper to the effect that outside Buckingham Palace, "the sound of the women's singing was particularly sweet," may be explained by the fact that a number of our women medical students were present. They are advised to lose no time in joining the new Musical Society.

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We offer congratulations to Sir Sidney Lee upon his appointment to the position of Dean of the Faculty of Arts in the University of London.

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The College incurred a great loss in the death of Mr. W. Lower Carter M.A., who died suddenly at the end of last term.

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By the time the next Magazine appears, College will be a very different place. Those who have "carried on" during these four difficult years of war will not be here to see the College blossom forth beneath the new blessings of peace. To the new Peace generation, every good wish.

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying but to be lost on an endless sea,  
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong  
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:  
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."



was given command of B Coy. which he was leading on the night of December 30th-31st, when he fell mortally wounded. He died two days later.

His father, Mr. W. Shinner writes: "He was very much beloved, both in private and in public life."

2nd Lieut. LESLIE C. H. SQUIRE, 7th London.

Mr. Squire formed the 7th London Regt. on August 5th, 1914, and was shortly afterwards recommended for a commission by his Colonel before leaving for the front. His efficiency resulted in his home training being waived. He fell in action at Festubert on the morning of the 13th May 1915. His C.O. wrote that he had in him the making of an exceptionally fine soldier, and the early cutting off of his career was a sad loss not only to his parents but to his regiment and country.

Corpl. F. E. WEBB, R.E.

Mr. Webb entered the college in 1914, having gained the second Science scholarship given by the Drapers' Company. He did one year's Final work and enlisted in August 1915. He was sent to France in the "Gas Corps" of the R.E., and was slightly gassed at Loos. In the following June he returned home wounded, but was again in France by the end of November. From then onwards he saw continuous service on different parts of the Western front. On June 10th, 1918, he died from the effects of gas poisoning.

He was mentioned in despatches last May: his officer wrote: It is an honour of which you may be justly proud, for Fred's work and devotion to duty richly deserve this recognition."

Lieut. ARTHUR HEPBURN, R.G.A.

Mr. Hepburn entered the College in 1915, where he took a keen interest in the O.T.C. Two years later he joined the R.G.A., and was sent to France, where he was in the midst of the Ypres battle of last July. Later in the Cambrai section he was wounded and gassed.

He was killed on the 30th March, 1918.

His Captain wrote: "It was only a few days previously that I had the pleasure of recommending your son for the M.C., for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty on the 21st March, when he fired his Lewis guns into the advancing masses of the enemy, inflicting heavy losses, until he had not another round left. He was beloved by both officers and men who join in offering their sympathy and again he was a keen and zealous officer."

F. CAPLAN, R.E.

Mr. Caplan entered the College in 1915. He joined the Army before taking Final, and in the March of 1918 he was killed in action.

We reproduce an extract from a letter to a present student: "You can understand that I am in good spirits. I have a solace in Science, and I am optimistic . . . . I have often wondered whether any research has been done on the relation of a motion of a shell to the Doppler effect. You might suggest the possibility to dear old —— [censored] I can give him my assurance that he will have a fine field for research here. First of all one sees the flash of the gun, then silence for a few seconds. Suddenly a terrific bang, and then starting on a low note—on like dear [ ] himself could bow his string: ah - a - e - ah. The sound of the shell gradually increases. When overhead it is veritably screeching, and as it passes away to its destination, its sound becomes more mournful, as if in anticipation of its foul work."

# Roll of Service.

1914-18.

Names of members of the College who have lost their lives while on active service at the front are printed in heavy type, and an asterisk is placed against the names of those reported wounded.

**Explanatory Notes:**—\* Wounded; *a* Mentioned in Dispatches; *b* Military Cross; *c* Missing; *d* D.C.M.; *e* Military Medal for Bravery in the Field; *f* Distinguished Service Cross; *g* Wounded and Missing; *h* Military Cross and La Croix de Guerre avec palme; *i* Croix de Guerre; *j* Prisoner of War; *k* Second Mention; *l* Military Medal and Bar for Bravery in the Field.

S. G. J. Adlam	...	Lce.-Sergt., Royal Fusiliers.
<i>a</i> A. S. Angwin	...	Major Lowland Signal Service, R.E.
P. H. Arnold	...	Air Mechanic, R.A.F.
<i>b</i> C. H. Asbury	...	2nd Lieut., S. Staffs.
<i>d</i> <b>R. M. Ashton</b>	...	Corpl.
C. Atlee	...	Q.-M. Sergt., A.O.C.
* <i>b</i> S. J. M. Auld	...	Major, Royal Berks.
<i>e</i> H. A. Auty	...	Civil Service Rifles.
<b>S. Bacon</b>	...	Gunner, R.G.A.
F. W. Bailey	...	Middlesex.
V. R. Baker	...	Petty Officer, R.N.
F. E. Barker	...	Essex.
*R. J. Barker	...	2nd Lieut., R.E. (Chemists),
B. Barnes	...	2nd Lieut., East Surrey.
J. Barrett	...	Corpl., H.A.C.
*C. W. Bartram	...	2nd Lieut., Bedford.
F. L. Bassett	...	2nd Lieut., Royal Engineers.
*E. T. Bateman	...	Lce.-Corpl., Royal Engineers.
<b>C. Bava</b>	...	2nd Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.
<i>c</i> B. Bayspoole	...	Capt.
N. K. Bell	...	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
(Lecturer)		
R. Beresford	...	2nd Lieut., Staffs.
*W. H. Berger	...	London Regt.
S. G. Betts	...	Staff-Sergt., Royal Fusiliers.
W. Bewers	...	2nd Lieut., R.N.A.S.
*A. E. Birch	...	2nd Lieut., R.F.
*C. O. Bird	...	Staff Q.M.S.
T. A. Blake	...	A.M., II R.A.F.
F. R. Bloor	...	Lieut. Army Ordnance Dept.
A. S. Brasted	...	London Rifle Brigade.
F. E. Brasted	...	H.A.C.
H. J. Bretton	...	R. Engineers.
H. P. Bridges	...	2nd Lieut., K.O. Yorks. L.I.
J. W. Brittain	...	Lieut., Leicesters.
<b>E. W. Britten</b>	...	Capt., Middlesex.
I. Broon	...	R.F.A.
R. Brown	...	A.S.C.
*W. E. Brown	...	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
<i>a</i> <i>b</i> T. Buckley	...	Lieut., W. Riding Div. R.E.
<b>A. S. Buckton</b>	...	Capt., R.G.A.
E. J. Buckton	...	Major, R.G.A.
J. H. Burdon	...	R.A.M.C.
B. G. Burgess	...	Sapper, R.E.
<i>b</i> W. W. Busby	...	Lieut., Essex.
G. L. Butcher	...	2nd Lieut., N. Staff.
<i>c</i> A. E. W. Butler	...	2nd Lieut., R. Berks.
<b>W. A. Butler</b>	...	2nd Lieut., Staffs.
<b>B. H. Buttle</b>	...	2nd Lieut., R.E.
W. S. Cammack	...	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists' Section)
*R. K. Cannan	...	Capt., East Lancs. attached
(Demonstrator)		Trench Mortar Battery.
J. C. Carr	...	Cadet, Artillery.
<b>F. Caplan</b>	...	Machine Gun Corps.
<i>ka</i> R. Catmur	...	Major, A.S.C.
*H. W. Carter	...	2nd Lieut., Lancs. and Yorks.
<b>F. W. Caton</b>	...	2nd Lieut., S. Staffs.
*A. P. Cattle	...	2nd Lieut., Duke of Cornwall's L.I.
<b>R. F. B. Caukwell</b>	...	R.A.M.C.

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A. P. Chapman	...	17th London.
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A. G. Chitty	...	Civil Service Rifles.
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J. H. Clark	...	2nd Lieut., R.A.F.
A. G. R. Clarke	...	2nd Lieut., S. Staffs.
C. V. Clarke	...	2nd Lieut., Devon Regiment.
W. O. Clarke	...	Royal Fusiliers.
G. Cleverley	...	Essex Yeomanry.
H. Clewly	...	Sergt., A.S.C.
A. W. Clnbb (Porter)	...	R.A.M.C.
E. H. Cohen	...	1st Class Air Mechanic, R.A.F.
H. Cohen	...	Lieut., R.A.F.
*M. Cohen	...	Lieut., attd. R.A.F.
R. C. Collier	...	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
M. H. Collins	...	Sergt., R.N.D.
R. L. Coombs	...	Capt., H.C. Brigade, R.F.A.
E. Corner	...	Cadet R.A.F.
<b>F. Cowling</b> (Elec. Asst.)	...	County of London.
H. E. Crane	...	2nd Lieut., Essex.
W. H. Crossman	...	Corpl., Lond. Elec. Engineers.
S. H. Currie	...	Cadet R.A.F.
cW. F. Curror	...	London Scottish.
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W. A. Darby (Engineering Asst.)	...	(Woolwich Arsenal).
G. R. Davies	...	2nd Lieut., S. Staffs.
H. Davies	...	2nd Lieut., R.E., India.
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R. H. Davis	...	Gunner, R.M.A.
*A. A. Davy	...	Major, Gas Officer.
A. Dolan	...	Army Service Corps.
A. J. Donaldson	...	R.A.F.
*bF. J. Doouss	...	2nd Lieut., Suffolk.
J. Druery	...	Sapper, Lond. Elec. Eng.
W. G. E. Duke	...	Q. Victoria Rifles.
bP. T. Dyer	...	2nd Lieut.
<b>C. T. Eaddy</b>	...	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers.
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*A. G. Edmunds	...	Capt., London.
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L. Glassman	...	R.A.F.
C. W. Glover	...	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
L. S. Godward	...	R.A.F. (Chemists).
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 \*J. H. Gregory ... 2nd Lieut., (T.F.).  
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   Lecturer.  
 F. Grover ... Pioneer, R.E.  
 E. H. Gumprecht... London Rifle Brigade.  
 aH. R. Hack (Clerk) ... Sergt., R.E., Rly. T. Service.  
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   (Professor).  
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   (late Registrar).  
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 jG. B. Lovell ... Lieut., London.  
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T. E. G. McCathie... 2nd Lieut., R.E., Chemists.  
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 A. F. Pearson ... County of London.  
 F. C. Pepler ... Sergt., K.R.R.  
 L. Perry ... Sergt., Middlesex.  
 eE. P. Pester ... Sergt., R.E.  
 C. L. Peters ... Air Mechanic, R.A.F.  
**L. I. Pitt** ... Sergt., Rifle Brigade.  
 H. Polan ... H.A.C.  
 A. H. Pope ... R.E.  
 J. Portas ... Lieut., Indian Army.  
 P. E. Posner ... 2nd Lieut. S. Staffs.  
 S. Potter ... Signalman, R.N.  
 W. R. Pratt ... Lce.-Corpl., Seaforth Highlanders.  
 H. P. Presland ... 2nd Lieut., A.S.C.  
 A. W. Pritchard ... Middlesex.  
 J. D. H. Pritchard ... R.A.F.  
 bT. B. Pritchard ... Lieut., R.A.F.  
 A. M. Rankin ... 1st A.m., R.A.F.  
 D. A. Rankin ... Lce.-Corpl., R.E.  
 C. O. Read ... London Yeomanry.  
 R. R. Reed ...  
 P. W. Rees ... A.O.C.  
 G. Richards ... Corpl., R.E., Chemists.  
 J. I. Richards ... 2nd Lieut., Welsh.  
 H. Riley ... 2nd Lieut., Tunnelling Co., R.E.  
 G. Robinson ... R. Engineers.  
 J. Robinson ... Capt., R.A.F.  
 (Lecturer)

S. Robinson	...	Wilts.
W. Robinson	...	Capt., Essex Regt.
E. Rogers	...	Cadet, R.A.F.
J. Rogoff	...	Lond. Elec. England, Chemists' Section.
R. W. T. Rolfe	...	2nd Lieut., Camb.
C. B. Roos	...	Corpl., R.E., Chemists' Section.
E. C. Rose	...	R.F.A.
H. V. Routh (Lecturer).	...	Capt., R.F.A.
G. R. Rumsey	...	Corpl., R.E., T., Chemists.
T. Salmon	...	Lce.-Corpl., R.F.
M. Salout	...	A.O.C.
J. B. Salter	...	Major, A.S.C.
P. E. Shindler	...	Gunner, H.A.C.
*W. G. Scotcher	...	R.A.F.
F. P. Scott	...	2nd A.M., R.A.F.
J. J. Seagrif	...	Rhodesian.
*J. W. Searcy	...	2nd Lieut., A.I.F.
*I. Seegar	...	2nd Lieut., S. Staffs.
S. J. Seeley	...	Training Reserve.
E. W. Sharp	...	R.A.F.
H. Sharp	...	Lieut., R.F.
L. S. Shave	...	17th London.
M. A. P. Shawyer	...	2nd Lieut., Middlesex.
S. H. Shawyer	...	Cadetship at Sandhurst.
O. D. Shepherd	...	Gunner, R.G.A.
W. C. B. Shinner	...	Lieut., Artists' Rifles.
E. S. Sibbald	...	Essex.
J. M. Simpson	...	Lieut., A.S.C., M.T.
C. Smith (Lecturer)	...	Ministry of Munitions.
jH. A. Smith	...	S. Staffs.
W. F. A. Snell	...	R.A.F.
*S. G. Soal (Lecturer).	...	Corpl., R.G.A., Siege Battery.
L. C. H. Squire	...	2nd Lieut.
W. Staley	...	Lce.-Corpl., Hussars.
T. G. Stamp	...	Corpl., R.E., Chemists.
*S. J. Steadman	...	Lieut., K.R.R.
aS. G. Stephenson	...	Capt., Glos.
H. A. Stern	...	Middlesex.
J. C. Stewart	...	2nd Lieut., R.E.
C. B. Stonebridge	...	2nd Lieut., S. Lincs.
G. W. Swanson	...	2nd Lieut., Hampshire, attd. R.A.F.
b/R. A. Swinton	...	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
A. Taffel	...	Labour Bn.
G. C. V. Taylor	...	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
H. J. Taylor	...	R.A.M.C.
M. Taylor	...	R.E., Chemists.
W. Taylor	...	H.A.C.
J. G. Thomas	...	2nd Lieut., Dorset.
S. F. Thompson	...	Lieut., R.A.F.
A. P. Thurston (Lecturer).	...	Lieut., R.A.F.
S. Tomkiss	...	Inspector A ronautical Dept.
C. B. Townend	...	Queen's Westminster Rifles.
W. J. Trueman	...	R.E.
T. A. C. Trumble	...	Cadet.
A. D. Turner	...	Lce.-Corpl., Royal East Kents.
A. N. Tyte	...	City of London Field Ambulance R.A.M.C., (T).
H. I. Vandell	...	2nd Lieut., Connaught Rangers.
iS. L. Vincent	...	2nd Lieut., attached Northants.
A. H. Virgo	...	2nd Lieut., Kensington Rifles.
J. A. Walmsdey	...	Sapper. R.E. (T.)
W. J. Watson	...	Lce.-Corpl., Post Office Rifles.
F. E. Webb	...	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
V. M. Weil	...	Corpl., R.E. (Chemists).
M. M. Welcher	...	2nd Lieut., Pembroke Yeomanry.
H. Wheatley	...	Camb.
P. J. Whitehouse	...	Lce.-Corpl., R.A.M.C.
R. L. Whitmore	...	2nd Lieut., R. W. Kent, loaned to Northamptons.
	...	Lieut., R.F.A.

G. F. Wighton	...	2nd Lieut., East Lancs.
H. E. Williams	...	Rifleman, London.
H. J. Williams	...	Lieut., R.E. (Inland Water Trans.)
L. Wilson	...	Major, A.S.C. (Motor Section.)
S. H. Wilson	...	2nd Lieut., R.E.
E. G. R. Wingham	...	2nd Lieut., K.O.Y.L.I.
G. G. Wise	...	2nd Lieut., County of London.
E. W. M. Wittey	...	R.A.M.C.
F. C. Wood	...	Sub.-Lieut., R.N.V.R., attd. R.A.F.
R. E. Wood	...	
R. J. Wood	...	2nd Lieut., S. Staffs.
*W. G. Wood	...	Lieut., Sherwood Foresters.
*L. M. Woodward	...	Corpl., London Scottish.
E. A. Woolf	...	London Rifle Brigade.
*N. P. E. Wrightson	...	2nd Lieut., R.E.
*H. Yeats.	...	Capt., R.F.

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## To F. T. M.

(DARDANELLES, 1915).

You shook my hand, and smiled, and turned away;  
 We did not doubt but we should meet again:  
 And yet some dread of danger shot like pain  
 Into my soul.—you were so proud and gay  
 In youth's glad pride and confidence, that day,  
 The shadow passed; my memory bore no stain  
 Of doubt or fear: so clouds sweep o'er the main;  
 So showers sweeten buds in time of May.

Alas for youth! the stormy Dardanelles  
 Chant their loud song below your hasty grave  
 High on Cape Helles: where the bleak winds rave  
 Round that low summit, under alien skies,  
 You sleep a dreamless sleep, the distant bells  
 Of passing ships your only obsequies.

Q.

1917.

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## To F. C., (killed in action).

Night has its darkness as well as day,  
 And through the night of battle that has crept  
 Over our tired souls that cannot sleep,  
 A silent shape, dark e'en in night, has stept  
 To fill the space your presence used to keep  
 In the old days, before you went away.

And now it seems they sound a double knell;  
 You have lost life alone, we have lost you.  
 We have grown more than tired of the old,  
 You seek the rest or wonder of the new.  
 The face is peaceful when the heart is cold,  
 But here not a soul but shook, not a face but fell.

We have given you tears in return for the joy you brought,  
 We have all grown sad for the sake of your merry heart.  
 You showed us the way to smile and now at the last  
 The smile is become too sad to play its part,  
 And silence will mourn the silence of the past  
 And place your memory softly in our thought,

Death is all-powerful, he has his will ;  
All is before him and he takes the best  
And so we might have known his choice were here  
Or is it that he trembled for you, lest  
You lost an atom of a joy most dear  
In a new life that the great soul might fill.

Where if there come to you the gentle breath,  
The sighs of all your friends, you'll know that they  
Sorrowed a little at the loss of you ;  
And you will smile eternal time away.  
Until they come to you, those friends you knew,  
When the years pass and all their life is death.

J.M.

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## Old Students' Notes.

With the whispers of peace in the air, it is difficult to write of the past—one's thoughts will wander to the future, where for so long they have been forbidden to stray. But this is to be a record of the events of the last year, as far as the meagre information obtainable from Old Students will allow ; for the future, just this one hope—that "the boys" when they come back may find a corner ready for them and a welcome which means more than flags and bells.

A few there are who are already back in England, civilians again, after being badly hit. B. Barnes has recently said good-bye to the army ; F. E. Barker is back at College, where no doubt he and R. W. King may sometimes be found exchanging yarns of their campaigning days. S. W. Woodward is in town at his old work, and E. A. Woolf has just stunned the Committee by sending in his resignation on being appointed Head of Ramsgate County School.

The younger generation is either too modest or too busy to tell of its doings, but what little is known is well worth publishing. C. H. Asbury has gained the M.C. while serving with the M.G.C. ; C. Eastaugh was awarded the same distinction for his share in the push towards Cambrai early this year. He is still in England recovering from the wound received then. E. W. Oldershaw has been fighting in Flanders with the Lincolns,—some months ago he received the Belgian Croix de Guerre ; Capt. W. Robinson is said to be married ; A. W. Molyneux has been placed on the retired list, having been severely wounded in the wrist, and A. N. Tyte was, some two years ago, in Mesopotamia with the Connaught Rangers—in all probability he is still there ! W. H. Berger, C. B. Stonebridge, and W. G. Wood have had more experience of hospitals than is either pleasant or interesting. H. W. Carter, and E. F. Dence are now busy handing on their hard-earned knowledge of modern warfare to a still younger generation of soldiers, and J. Portas has transferred to the Indian Army.

There seem to be only three representatives of E.L.C. in the Navy,—G. B. N. Moseley, a wireless operator on an island in the Atlantic ; S. Potter, a signaller on H.M.S. Cæsar and V. R. Baker who has not been heard of lately, but is almost certainly somewhere at sea.

The excuse of modesty cannot possibly account for the lack of news from Engineers—they must be too busy ! Several are doing, several others, alas, have done splendid work in the Air Force, but of their actual whereabouts very little is known—Doc. Thompson was mentioned in the special R.A.F. reports for very good work, and C. Paterson was once seen coming out of Cox's.

Long, long ago, the word Chemist was used to denote all that was bad ; now, who would say the organisation of gas attacks carried out in Lab. or

Library or Debate was not a necessary step in the development of a good officer? The splendid work done since by some of the Chemists, certainly points in that direction! of their number, L. Wilson is still in France; Major A. A. S. Davy has returned from America with tales of the glories of California: A. D. Mitchell who is on the Divisional Staff as Gas Officer, has just sailed for Palestine after a long-delayed leave during which he and Miss M. Fyson were married. Some months ago he met A. P. Cattle who was waiting for the same "Cattle-truck," somewhere near Oaga. R. K. Cannan, mentioned in despatches, is still D.T.M.O.—he had an exciting time in March with the 5th Army, and considers himself lucky in only losing all his kit. Next to his division in the Line, was that to which T. E. G. MacCathie is attached as Gas Expert. But at that time they would have had little opportunity for chatting, even if they had known they were so near! Not long ago Mac. found 14 days leave rather short for a honeymoon. G. L. Matthews and S. A. Mann are both Captains in the Sanitary Section, the latter is to be congratulated on obtaining his B.Sc. by research while on active service in Egypt. J. C. Drummond has also been doing important research work in Bio-chemistry and was awarded his D.Sc. last January. And Walter George Hiscock—he has been winning the war by taking charge of the danger zone in a cordite factory, first on the east coast, during Zeppelin raids and now in Scotland, where he has lately settled down with his wife. No details are obtainable of the work that R. Cohen is doing with the R.A.F. on the South Coast—suffice it to say that it may be connected with bombs!

Miss N. Bastard seems to be the only representative of the College in the Women's Army; she is serving in France as an officer. The best of good luck!

Three names have appeared in the list of prisoners—R. W. T. Rolfe, Spud Murphy and E. H. Paine, besides V. Fox who have been in Germany for some years now, it seems. May they very soon be free again!

Who can tell of the splendour of those who have joined so many others in the Great Beyond—W. G. B. Skinner who fell in action with the Artists; E. L. Naylor with the Warwicks; G. W. Swanson, who after strenuous fighting was drowned while on active service and W. G. Scotcher, our first M.C. pilot? No word can express our sorrow, our feelings of pride in having once known them and worked with them, our deep gratitude for the mighty sacrifice they made—

They - - - poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy and that unhopd serene  
That men call age; and those who would have been  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

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## 1918 Degree Results.

M.A. June 1918 (internal).

ENGLISH. Muriel Macnab.

B.A. HONOURS (Internal).

*2nd Class.*

ENGLISH. Mary F. Moore, May G. Pugh, May L. Watts.

*3rd Class.*

Edna M. Harries. Ivy Y. Pritchard.

*2nd Class.*

FRENCH. Doris L. Osment.

*3rd Class.*

HISTORY. Agnes M. Mills.

*1st Class.*

MATHEMATICS. Ellen T. Brown.

**B. Sc. HONOURS (Internal).**

*2nd Class.*

MATHEMATICS. A. Cohen. Doris M. Jarvis.

*3rd Class.*

Winifred M. Hornsby.

*1st Class.*

CHEMISTRY. B. Fullman.

*2nd Class.*

E. Bloom.

*3rd Class.*

Lena Goodman. Florence Jolly.

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## Scandinavia in War Time.

(Reproduced from "Common Sense" by kind permission of Dr. Classen.)

If there is anybody at home who feels disposed to complain of the rationing of foodstuffs, coal, light, etc., he should be packed off to Scandinavia for a month or two.

The first difficulty, on landing on Scandinavian soil, apart from the irritations of the passport control and the sharp Customs examination, is to get your luggage conveyed to a hotel. Very little petrol finds its way to Norway, and taxis are therefore both rare and expensive. Assuming this very real difficulty to have been overcome, you are encountered by a still greater one. The hotel at which you arrive is sure to be full, and this first experience of the difficulty of finding a lodging will assuredly not be your last, unless you are wise enough to order a room several days in advance every time you move. For in Scandinavia, just as much as in the belligerent countries, building operations stopped soon after the outbreak of the war. The consequence is an extraordinary congestion at all places upon the main line of communication between Russia and England, and between Denmark and England. The great stream of travellers in both directions passes through Stockholm where there already exists a large alien population, consisting mostly of Russian refugees. The housing problem in consequence, already serious in Stockholm before the war, has become acute. It is quite a regular thing to find advertisements in the daily papers offering as much as a thousand kronor to anybody who can procure a flat or a house for the advertiser.

One of the immediate consequences of this regular flow of travellers is that prices are everywhere sent soaring up and the difficulty of providing food has led in its turn to severe restrictions in the granting of passports.

At the same time a very severe strain is put upon the railways. Fuel is so scarce that the passenger service cannot be increased, and not infrequently the dearth of fats and oils is the cause of axles running hot. Trains on the main lines are very much overcrowded; fares have increased 150 per cent., and excess luggage charges 200 per cent.

The first meal in Scandinavia is a surprise. Of the ordinary elements of an English breakfast there are lacking milk, jam, marmalade, tea, cocoa, ham, bacon. A small cup of coffee may be had and the ration of bread—without either butter or margarine—amounts to about one thin slice of an ordinary English loaf. If one is not satisfied at breakfast, one returns to lunch and dinner hungry. But one fares no better. Meat—in small quantities and at high prices—is available and so also are eggs, but it is difficult to procure vegetables or fruit. Cheese is unobtainable. The difficulty of finding anything to drink is as great as the difficulty of finding sufficient to eat. Fruit drinks are rare; wines are rapidly disappearing from the market, and the cheapest costs about a pound a bottle. Beer has been so weakened that it no longer tastes like beer, and spirits are even rarer than wines. There are of course substitutes for everything. Tea substitute consists of a mixture of tea and dried strawberry or cranberry leaves, and costs from five to eight pounds per kiln.

One's sense of deprivation is deepened when one wishes to smoke. Outside the larger towns it is practically impossible to obtain tobacco in any shape or form. Scarcest is pipe tobacco; cigarettes cost about 3d. and 6d. each, except for a few days at the beginning of the month when it is possible to get a few at the price of 1d. each. A month ago arrangements were just being made for the introduction of tobacco cards. Curiously enough most of the cigarettes are of German manufacture.

It would not be possible in the limits of this article to describe the effects of the abnormal conditions on the society of Scandinavia. The effects are manifold, but are nowhere to be seen more clearly than in the increase of crime, particularly of theft. Things have acquired such exaggerated values that the temptation to theft is unusually strong and one finds that it takes the most curious forms: sheep are found to have been shorn during the night, and cows to have been milked out in the fields; iron bars are wrenched out of railings and metal torn off doors, or wherever it is exposed. Prisons are full everywhere.

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## Correspondence.

As Great Englishmen of the XVI. Century are yet to be obtained at the Bookstall why has not the Inter. Class formed a Bacon queue?

*War Economist.*

Is it true that a learned philologist is analysing the change of mentality underlying the shifting of stress in the modern word "Goodbye - ee"?

*Disillusioned.*

Which course in the College lunch make the Pass Latin class go dribbling into Professor Earp's lecture at 2-30 on Friday?

*Earnest Inquirer.*

How pants the Hart to repair the bre[e]aches of the Soccer team?

*Enthusiast.*

Why does the flapper flap?

Because there is a rush for lunch.

*Admirer. (Medical).*

## Nymphs and Deities of Mathematical Mythology.

May no germs of 'finalitis' find a resting-place in me,  
Let me grasp a phantom future headed with a Ph.D.  
I've found alas in dreamland strange theories confirmed  
As I look upon the regions where my mental forces squirmed.

Room 6 is now a garden with potatoes round the door,  
Green cabbages recipients of new Churchillian lore.  
And growing round the platform, tied up with college ties  
Are peas of all descriptions chased by azure butterflies.

The "lord of all" triumphant mid his turnips makes a stand,  
His wings afloat behind him, and a pitchfork in his hand.  
Throws the rubbish he has gathered overhead and to the right,  
With growls of painful merriment and giggles of delight.

And high among the débris with a broad and cheerful grin  
Floats in majesty a vision, the thinnest of the thin —  
His arms afloat to Neptune—see the harvest moon appear,  
And Aries was in Libra at that season of the year.

By his side a transit-circle with fortune at the wheel.  
Tied up with purple ribbons to the Ursa Major's heel.  
In his hand convergent series—warbling round his head appears  
A crowd of biquadratics—'tis the music of the spheres.

I see visions of a "Board-room" projected into space,  
Grim expression of infinite bliss upon the inmate's face.  
With integration in his arms—infinity in chains,  
He mourns elimination and his students scattered brains.

The hyperbolic ceiling stretches upward to Room 5,  
Where seated on an asymptote—watching tadpoles dive  
Sits an individual fishing in a brown and purple tie.  
"Yes Miss, a further test is necessary bye-and-bye;"

Thus far I venture safely—no further can we go  
For shrieks of sliding friction call me back to earth below,  
Oh preserve me, fellow students from vengeance unalloyed!  
I've alas no other weapon but a broken cardioid.



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### Yeatsian.

A surplus of work, as the celebrated chemist hath it, is apt to turn the brain through an angle of ntradians, being in all cases proportional to the excess of work performed. Realising the truth of the above law (having tested it experimentally), I put upon one side a weighty work on "The Polymers of Strychnine," and proceeded to peruse a volume of poems by William Butler Yeats. I was refreshed, nay, edified, and reflected upon the happy lot of a budding poet as compared with that of a conscientious and overworked chemical student. I made a sudden decision. I too would be like William Butler, and lift my voice to many a lilting line. As the Library clock metaphorically struck half-past four, I hastily seized pencil and paper and wrote the following.

"I will arise and go now, and wander into tea;  
And a stale bun I'll have there, of clay and sawdust made;  
Some saccharine will I use there, for no sugar will there be;  
And I'll finish up with some mar-mar-lade.

And I will have some thirst there, a thirst that will not go,  
That's born of strong and beer-like tea, and stale and crusty things.

There margarine is bitter and toast as soft as dough,  
And milk is full of house-fly's wings.

I will arise and go now, and go there once again,  
For I hear the footsteps passing, and the time is half-past four,  
And I have got a hunger, and a dull and aching pain,  
That I'm feeling in the deep heart's core."

I now felt relieved and elevated, and trained home, with the immediate object in view of mastering the aforesaid work on "The Polymer of Strychnine." But alas! the assembled youth of the district insisted upon holding a poetical discussion beneath my very windows; and a neighbouring infant was careful to add *his* (or her) contribution to the general debate. At this point, being of a philosophical turn of mind, I retired to bed, and it *has* been said, (though I should add that I place no faith in this statement) that during my slumber I was heard softly to mutter:

"Go away you next-door child,  
To your bed or battle mild,  
With your mammy hand in hand,  
For the world is more full of swatting,  
Than you can understand.

DESSICATOR.

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried  
What hell it is in lectures long to bide;  
To hear a sentence start, and never done,  
To waste ten minutes on the work of one;  
To doze at times, lulled by the drowsy air,  
Then, startled, sit bolt upright on my chair,  
To draw rude sketches to divert my friends  
And kill the time until our penance ends,  
To count the seconds till the hour is done,  
And bless the blast that says its half-past one.

[*Passed by censor*]. INFELICE.

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## E..LC. Flax-pullers at Sherborne.

When we left Waterloo for Dorset—mostly in clothing borrowed from our brothers, and struggling with strange-shaped bundles,—we had not much idea of what was before us, but it did not take long to discover that the absorbing interest of camp life are letters, food, work and sleep. Food at camp in the big mess-tent with its tables and benches and communal crockery was a decent affair, but in the fields, under rather different conditions, it was a variation from work not even rivalled in interest by being photographed.

Our work was to pull up the flax by its roots and lay it down behind us in long trails as we worked across the field, each at her own narrow strip. Then, after allowing it to dry we tied it into bundles and set it up in stooks. Rain, thistles and nettles were our chief enemies; much rain spoils ripe flax completely, so that as it poured almost continuously during the first three weeks of our stay, overtime and Sunday work was necessary to save the crop. At night came the lorry ride home and the scramble for baths before supper; after supper the discussion of camp news and the lighter refreshments of the Y.W.C.A. tent. It is no wonder that we slept soundly at night out in the open—unless forced hastily under canvas by wandering cows or an unforeseen shower.

Orderly duty at home was an occasional change from work valued chiefly for the opportunity it gave us of going into Sherborne, whose inhabitants have shown us the true meaning of Dorsetshire hospitality. They welcomed us, dragged and land-garbed, to their homes; they concerned themselves for our health and our entertainment; they were surprised at nothing we did even when we marched home after a fête chanting the camp song and headed by our unsurpassable commandante, Miss Julius of King's, beating a tin tray. There are countless other little things that are good to look on: struggling with taut wet ropes and refractory tent-pegs; waking under the stars to turn a dew-drenched pillow; taking an unobtrusive

bundle of laundry in on the way to the Abbey of a Sunday evening; the bitterness of no letters! the joy of a parcel; the increasing pride in deepening sunburn. Beyond the joys of new friendships, of fraternising with girls from Liverpool and Oxford and Ireland and Hull and Edinburgh, there was the interest of unsuspected qualities brought out by camp life in those we know. In short, not one of us would willingly forego the memory of these same strenuous weeks, for it is a memory worth having.

C.B. & S.F.

## Essay on Cats.

Cats that is made fer little boys to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats, 'cos they have queer purs is called Persian cats, and cats wiv bad tempers is called Angori cats. Cats wiv very deep feelin's is called Feline cats, and sometimes a fine cat is called a Magnificat.

E.D.H.

## Post-Graduate.

"When I am quit of Final's toils  
And done with learned critic's broils,  
How shall I laugh to think that I  
Was once a slave of things, or dug  
And grubbed in queer old dusty spots  
To find where Shakespeare cribbed his  
plots.

How will it all come back to me  
When in my sunny room I see  
My tulips, stately, flaming, tall,  
Gold flecked with red, against my wall;  
When colts-foot's heads are whitening  
Their fluffy harvest of the spring;  
When, lit beyond its palings old  
With slim laburnum's tasselled gold.  
My garden decks its green delight  
In regal purple, bridal white--  
Sweet lily, purple velvet fine.  
Of iris, graceful columbine,  
Fern, clover-scented thrift, that roots  
Beneath the peering creeper shoots,  
Slim, dainty white, and growing high,  
Pale purple lupines, spire on spire,  
With woodruff for a bordering,  
And overhead, white thorns that grow-  
ing,  
On wind-tossed service-boughs, and snow  
Shed petals on the earth below.  
And later in succession due,  
(For days of garden life are few),  
When flaming lilies light the green

Of over-shadowing leaves, and seen  
Half ghostly in the summer gloom  
The taper shafts of million bloom,  
And evening primroses unfurl  
Their pale, light-radiating whirl  
Of silk, and fill their tiny cups  
With nectar that the night-moth sups.

How all these things will mock my  
toil  
That I should burn the midnight oil  
Rising betimes and watching late  
To learn how I may conjugate  
A weak verb of the second class  
— Oh that I were writ down an ass! —  
The Seven Deadly Sins to chase  
Through Middle English, works of grace,  
Or sadly overstrain my eyes  
On reprints of the quarto size.

And listening what earth-voices say.  
I will arise and fling away  
All weary dates and useless verbs,  
To muse instead on flowers and herbs,  
Foreswear Indo Germanic roots,  
For those that bear green leaves and  
fruits,

Dissolve, like unsubstantial froth  
The memory of the holy Goth,  
Save when, some furlongs from my home  
All sweet and white with daisy foam,  
The grass waves slowly down the hill,  
"Fram windu wagidata" still.

C SAHEDRAL.

## The Sweeper.

I found him on the terrace, sweeping away the snow. As I carefully stepped upon the small path that had been made, I began to ponder—after all, it was a useful function that it was fulfilling, making the way better and cleaner and better for others to walk on. I suppose it had become a habit with him. Did he simply sweep because he had swept before? Or was there any personality in it?—I asked myself. Should I find out, and if so, how? Yes, I would chance it. So, taking the opportunity of the sweeper's pausing to take breath, I said, "Good-morning; you have got a stiff job there." The sweeper smiled. I noticed it was a peculiar smile that seemed

to have a degree of pity in it. The sweeper replied, "Yes, you are right. It does look stiff. But there, I suppose my task is after all, very much like yours." "Like mine!" I said, "How's that? I don't use brooms, neither do I have to do any sweeping"—and I tried to impart a tone of dignity to my speech—"That is as I know of."

The sweeper smiled and said: "Do you not pause and calculate how you can best achieve the goal you are trying to reach? Is not that sweeping and cleaning?"

I looked at the sweeper in surprise. He went on, "You see this terrace! I do not always sweep from the same end; sometimes I begin at the other, sometimes in the middle. It all depends, you see, a great deal upon conditions—the wind, time, and state the terrace is in."

"But the snow," I said, "What about that?" The sweeper replied, "Is it not like everything that would impede our path? Sweep it aside! In life you can never be better than a sweeper. See to it that you sweep your portion well."

A. M. CLUBB. *College Porter.*

[The text will be found in the 2nd chapter of Hezekiah and the 3rd verse. E.D.]

## Dead Leaves.

Tread softly. Touch them not,  
 These broken things  
 That sobbing Autumn brings  
 To enoble, die and rot:  
 Dust unto dust, and earth to earth  
 That gave them birth.  
 Dear emblems of the Dead,  
 Like you they lie  
 Beneath the lowering sky  
 All rent and bloody-red:  
 So deep their sleep and calm and sound,  
 Upon the ground.

You did not die in vain.  
 For stark and cold,  
 In fading red and gold,  
 You wait the Spring again,  
 And multiply Earth's loveliness  
 From your distress.

Farther than farthest thought  
 From death and sin,  
 Immortal Rest they win,  
 And Peace and Love they sought:  
 And changelessly, beyond the Sun,  
 Are one with One.

F.E.B.

## Review.

"*Poems of War*": by F. J. Doouss: *Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.*: (1/- net.)

Mr. Doouss is, we believe, the first of our E.L.C. poets to attain to the dignity of separate publication. We hope that before long he will be able to re-visit his Alma Mater, and, gazing around the Men's Common Room (and why not the Women's, too?) exclaim, like Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds."

The present little book contains one or two short lyrics, and seven or eight poems of middle length, having something of the characteristics of the stately and impassioned ode, of which Mr. William Watson and Mr. Laurence Binyon are the most famous living exponents. Mr. Doouss has several good poems in this kind, including "The Dedication," "The Dardanelles," "Heart-Weariness," and "The Fallen," which was first printed in the E.L.C. Magazine a year or two ago. His style is naturally not quite mature, and there is inevitably some slight unevenness in the technique of the verse; but in a good many passages he has accomplished very well the difficult task of raising above the commonplace sentiments not in themselves specially novel or surprising. The poems are all concerned with the war in one aspect or another, and throughout they breathe the spirit which, almost as we write, has finally secured victory and triumph for our cause—the spirit of our national army.

“A myriad unity that came to pass  
And broke the unconscious bonds of sloth and rust ;  
That found a newer faith a higher trust,  
And woke the dormant fire of life,”

as our author expresses it.

Mr. Doouss strikes out many apt and vivid lines and phrases which stick in the memory :—

“The splendour of the stars uncanopied  
By night,”

“— far away  
Sounded the freshening swell along the bay ;  
And slept the sea-gull in the sea-scarred tower.”

“— trackless southern lands, where bright and clear  
The cross shines in the crystal atmosphere.”

“Not all is vain that seems to us in vain,  
But hope in Hope returns to us again,”—

are examples of them.

The most original poem in the book is “The Fellowship of Silence,” which expresses simply and effectively the half-unconscious faith of the common soldier, with its inevitable residue of doubt :—

“—the silent sentinel  
Stands gazing upon lifeless things ;  
After the battle's rage some spell  
Has fallen with protecting wings.  
Silence : and starlight on his face :  
He breathes : his heart beats quicker pace.

The everlasting Spirit wakes ;  
He knows, but cannot comprehend :  
He thinks that when this body breaks  
It is not dust to a sordid end.  
But since they speak not whom he knew,  
He partly doubts if it be true . . . .”

“The Dardanelles,” however, contains his best work on the whole ; and we cannot resist quoting a few lines from it in conclusion. Our College, like the rest, sent not a few of her sons to fight and die like men at Gallipoli ; and it is fitting that those who have come through alive should pay what tribute they can to their comrades who are seen no more, but who can never be forgotten :—

“Then the rose dawn flushed all the east, as day  
Flung his embrace about the hemisphere ;  
But not a sound was heard or far or near  
Along the valley where the dead men lay.  
So will it be when peace reigns once again,  
So shall they rest in solitude ; but when  
The bitterness of death has past away  
Their triumph will remain, deathless as they.

\* \* \* \* \*

So from the faded glory of that dream,  
All through the night they made their silent way,  
All through the night until the dawn of day  
The shadows of that great unbroken stream  
Flitted like ghosts ; the vaster watch-fires light,  
Like some great altar burning through the night,  
Made ruddy every crag and ridge and cleft,  
As in that land of buried hopes they left  
The barren peaks and the rocks and the rugged shore,  
And the noise of the flashing waters rolling evermore.”

R.W.K.

## Reports of Societies, 1917-1918.

### EAST LONDON COLLEGE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

Considering the very difficult state of affairs in general, the Club had a fairly good season last year. That this was so, was largely due to the untiring energy of the Secretary, Mr. N. R. Rice, who overcame, or persuaded the fellows to overcome, numerous very reasonable excuses of inaccessibility of ground, stress of work, and the like, so that although there was not always a full team turned up, there were nevertheless a sufficient attendance to make a good game, and keep the football spirit alive in the College. It may reasonably be expected, if the present good news continues, that the E.L.C. will soon be on a strong athletic footing once more.

During the season, seven home matches were played, of which one was won, one drawn, and five lost. Eight away matches, two being won, one drawn, and five lost, were also played. Three Inter Faculty matches also took place, "Medicine" beating "Engineers" and losing "The Rest," and "Engineers" beating "The Rest."

Twentysix Union members signed on were "acquired" for the Club, out of whom Messrs. Harrington, A. C. King, W. J. Stone, D. Baker, J. Houlihan, N. Rice, E. W. Bateman, Weir, A. P. Bewers, S. J. Marks, Inwald, and Kelley turned up to play most regularly.

In the present year, although O.T.C. business has seriously interfered with our preliminary arrangements, the Club now seems to be settling down to work, and I think those members who are keen and put their back seats it will keep up the traditions of the College athletics and at the same time get a good deal of amusement themselves. G.F.

### THE CHESS CLUB.

During the last session only two matches were played. We won against the London School of Economics by 3 games to 0, and in an inter-faculty match, the Chemists beat the rest of the College.

This season we have been able to get together a strong team, but we are experiencing the same difficulty of obtaining matches with other colleges, as we had during the last session. Most colleges are not running chess teams. However, some inter-faculty matches are being arranged, and a tournament has been started in which over 20 students are taking part.

I. COHEN.

### TENNIS CLUB.

The reappearance of a small portion of "Leyton-t" energy among our athletic enthusiasts caused the tennis last season to flourish like the potatoes of the "powers that be." We slaughtered Engineers and Old Students, and even the efforts of the Principal failed to save the Staff.

Four courts were theoretically in use during the whole season, and this year we look to the freshers to keep insects and daisies off half-a-dozen. The cultivation of wall-flowers has been discontinued during the war.

A record attendance made a success of Whit-Monday. May the digits still increase!!!

To all those who helped to make a very successful season—"many thanks!" for the rest we've no applause but sound advice—"keep the groundsman busy." D.C.

### SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, 1917-18.

The arranging of Social Functions last session, was complicated by the necessity of studying the habits of the enemy aircraft; fortunately there was one member of the Committee upon whom the rest could always rely to be provided with a calendar giving the phases of the moon. Even so, our first function, a Whist Drive, was hardly a success from the point of view of

numbers, for contrary to the fashion then in vogue, the raiders elected to appear on a MOONLESS night the day before our Whist Drive. This kept a good many people at home. We felt that it was unsporting of the Germans to change their tactics that particular week.

Since it seemed impossible to dictate times to them, our next function—a Concert and Dramatic Entertainment—was fixed for a Tuesday afternoon. This arrangement had its advantages, for those members of the Union who, presumably are unable to face the fatigue of a journey to College on a Saturday evening, were able to be present without any undue effort. Consequently the Gym. was filled, though cold. Moreover we were very glad to have several members of the Staff there. The play that was performed on this occasion—"Browne with an 'e'" was a great success.

In the Easter Term a Military Whist Drive was held, which everyone present enjoyed very much. There *are* better ways of preserving your country's flag than by trumping your partner's trick. The second function of this term was another Concert held in Room seven. We don't grudge the Gymnasium to the Aeronauts, but we should like people to realise that, whereas the stage in the Gym. is all that may be desired, that in a lecture room is hopelessly inadequate, and a three-act play in such circumstances is not possible.

In June we had a Concert in aid of the Red Cross. Rooms Five and Six thrown into one made quite a spacious Concert Hall, and the results of the entertainment were remarkably good. The amount produced by the sale of tickets, etc., was about fifteen pounds. By the kindness of Mrs. Perry, Mr. LeBeau, and an anonymous donor, this amount was made up to twenty pounds, the highest yet reached by our Red Cross Concerts.

The best wishes of the retiring Committee go to the new members, whose office, though very interesting, is no sinecure. D.K.P.

#### LITERARY SOCIETY.

Last year's Secretary is to be congratulated upon the success of the session 1917-18. On November 8th, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Pett Ridge, Sir Sidney Lee, the President, gave an interesting address on "Shakespeare and Patriotism." On the 23rd November, Mr. Pett Ridge's postponed visit took place. He gave a most entertaining address on "Cockney Humour" treating the subject from various aspects, as for example, the humour of London children, of bus drivers, of factory girls, of theatre audiences, etc. The address was received with much laughter and hearty applause by a large audience.

On the 10th Dec. Sir Sidney Lee gave an interesting lecture on "Shakespeare on Current Events." Dr. Spurgeon of Bedford College, on 23rd Jan. gave an interesting address on "The Musical Element in Poetry." In illustration of his thesis, the Lecturer read Shelley's Ode, "The Cloud," William Morris' poem "The Blue Closet," and some other specimens.

On the 18th Feb., 1918, an extremely interesting lecture, entitled "My Capture—and after" was given by Capt. H. Gilbert Nobbs, late London Rifle Brigade, who lost his sight from wounds received in the Battle of the Somme.

On March 20th, the Society gave a dramatic reading of Sheridan's play, "The Critic," when the realistic ravings of Tilburina and her Confidante awed all present.

The session closed on the 6th June, with a Lecture by Dr. E. Classen, on "Sidelights on History" in which he showed how study of the earliest forms of language can be made to show light on the habits and characteristics of men at a period when direct historical evidence is almost entirely wanting. E.L.E.

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Since the Historical Society was newly formed at the end of last session there is not a great deal to record of its activities. The two meetings which have already been held however, were a great success.

We were fortunate in having Dr. Holland Rose to give a most interesting inaugural lecture on "The Balance of Power, or a Community of Power." The second meeting consisted of another lecture given by the present head of the Historical Department of the College, Mr. G. E. Green, on the subject of Oliver Cromwell and Religious Toleration. We have to thank the two lecturers for the successful start which the Society has made.

Arrangements for this Session are as yet indefinite, but when they are made, it is hoped that the Society will be generously supported by all, irrespective of Faculty or Department. E.G.T.

## THE LADIES CRICKET CLUB,

This year a Ladies Cricket Club has been formed to utilise the energy the Tennis Club did not absorb. We had a practice game every week, but only one match—against the Men's Cricket Club. Although we led by four runs on the first innings, the men having magnanimously consented to bat left-handed, and bowl underarm, they succeeded in doubling our score on the second innings and so their credit remained unimpaired.

We have among the gentler students some good bowleresses and batswomen and look forward to discovering similar talent among the Freshers. W. G. J.

## HOCKEY CLUB.

The E.L.C. Hockey Season, 1917-18 was marked by enthusiasm if not victorious matches. The most interesting match of the season was that against the Medical Students. The game was a very stiff one, the Medical Students winning by 3 goals—2.

One member of our team, Miss Atkinson gained the position of left-half in the University of London Hockey Team, and we hope to keep up the record this season.

Last season we attempted to run two elevens, but this year we are concentrating on one, and are having an extra afternoon's practice each week. We have already played several good matches this term, and we are looking forward to a good season's play. E.G.S., (Captain).

## BADMINTON CLUB.

The Badminton Club enjoyed a very successful season last session, we played several intercollegiate matches in all of which we were victorious.

This term, on October 23rd, an interfaculty match took place resulting in a victory for Science. Several more are being arranged.

There will be several vacancies in the team owing to members going down, so it is to be hoped that present members will work hard to keep up the reputation of the Club.

I should like to add a word of warning, the manufacturers have ceased to make shuttlecocks, so please treat the few that remain as gently as possible, otherwise play may come to an abrupt end. G.L.D., (Captain).

## WOMEN'S NET BALL CLUB.

By the time this Magazine appears—if ever it does—the Net Ball Club will have completed the first year of its existence. The life of the Club last

session was confined to the second term, as the work of the first term consisted of interviews with dignitaries of various degrees.

During the early part of the term, practices were reasonably well attended, and distinct keenness was shown; in fact the Club received a good send-off. Later on, however, interest and enthusiasm waned—partly owing to the urgency of pursuits, and partly to the persistent habits of Dr. Llewelyn Davies, in his professional capacity.

The actual results of matches played during the term were not conspicuously brilliant, but we put up a fairly good stand.

At trials, we did very creditably. We scored a distinct triumph, in that Miss Hilda J. Smith, whose play at trials, as at our own matches was outstandingly good—won her position as centre of the the University Team.

Miss Crow and Miss Mundy gained places in the Reserve Team as Defence and Attacking Centre.

On the whole, the first season of the Net Ball Club was promising—and with added enthusiasm on the part of present members, and hoped for keenness on the part of the Freshers—the Club will without doubt make this season a highly successful one.

D.P.J., (Capt.).

### SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

We held five meetings this year, one of which was a lecture by Mr. Masterman Smith on a vital political question—that of Alsace Lorraine. The meeting was well attended, and interest was added in the form of lantern slides after the lecture.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the enjoyment of attending the meetings of this Society. All college members should make themselves personally acquainted with them. Freshers set a good example last year in the number who took an active part in the meetings, and the present secretaries are hopefully expecting this year's Freshers to keep up the reputation of last year's.

East London College took no active part in inter-collegiate debates last year, but it is hoped that the meetings at which the College is speaking this year will be well attended,

We must thank Mr. Le Beau, our President, for his untiring interest in the Society. and for his kindness in presiding at our meeting. It is with great pleasure that the new secretaries find that Mr. Le Beau is again the president this year.

We should also like to thank the retiring Secretaries, Miss Kemp and Mr. A. C. King for their efforts last year, and we hope that the Society will have as successful a year as it had last year.

W.M.P.

### SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE.

The College French Society is not only intended for those who make the study of French their chief delight. Most students, if not all, learned some French in the bygone days of their childhood, and the meetings of the Society are open to all such students.

Last session we had a most enjoyable lecture on Chopin by Miss Lesser, with musical illustrations by Miss Christensen and Miss Atkinson. In connection with the University French Club we had a most interesting lecture on "Le Masque de Fer" by M. Maurice Thierry.

At the end of last session it was decided to change the name of the Society into "La Société Française."

Our heartiest thanks are due to the President for her great interest in the Society.

E.F.B.

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